



"A GUIDE FOR THE DATELESS"

With the cost of dating rising higher and higher it is no wonder that so many of us men are turning to discus throwing. Naturally, we would prefer nuzzling warm necks to flinging cold discs, but who's got that kind of money? Prices being what they are, the average man today has a simple choice: dating or eating.

Unless the average man happens to be Finster Sigafoss.

Finster came to college with the normal ambition of any average man: he wanted to find the prettiest coed on campus and make her his. He looked long and carefully, and at last he found her—a tall job named Kretchma Inskip, with hair like beaten gold.

He asked her for a date. She accepted. He appeared at her sorority house that night, smiling, eager, and carrying a bouquet of modestly priced flowers.

"Now then," said Kretchma, tossing the daisy flora to a pledge, "where are we going tonight?"

Finster was a man short on cash, but long on ideas. He had prepared an attractive plan for this evening. "How would you like to go out to the Ag campus and see the milking machine?" he asked.

"Itk," she replied.

"Well, what would you like to do?" he asked.

"Come," said she, "to a funny little place I know just outside of town."

And away they went.

The place was Millionaires Roost, a simple country inn made of solid ivory. It was filled with beautiful ladies in buckless gowns, handsome men in dickeys. Original Rembrandts adorned the walls. Marlboro trays adorned the cigarette girls. Chained to each table was a gypsy violinist.

Finster and Kretchma were seated. "I," said Kretchma to the waiter, "will start with shrimps remoulade. Then I will have lobster and tapon in madeira sauce with asparagus spears. For dessert I will have melon stuffed with melon."

"And you, Sir?" said the waiter to Finster.

"Just bring me a pack of Marlboros," replied Finster, "for if ever a man needed to settle back and enjoy the mild beneficence of choice tobacco and easy-drawing filtration, it is the shattered hulk you see before you now."

So, smoking the best of all possible cigarettes, Finster watched Kretchma ingest her meal and calculated that every time her fetching young Adam's apple rose and fell, he was out another 97¢. Then he took her home.

It was while saying goodnight that Finster got his brilliant idea. "Listen!" he cried excitedly. "I just had a wonderful notion. Next time we go out, let's go Dutch treat!"

By way of reply, Kretchma slashed him across the face with her house-mother and stormed into the house.

"Well, the heck with her," said Finster to himself. "She is just a gold digger and



I am well rid of her. I am sure there are many girls just as beautiful as Kretchma who will understand the justice of my position. For after all, girls get as much money from home as men, so what could be more fair than sharing expenses on a date?"

With good heart and high hopes, Finster began a search for a girl who would appreciate the equity of Dutch treat, and you will be pleased to hear that he soon found one—Mary Alice Hennatoma, a lovely three-legged girl with sideburns.

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We're no experts on Dutch treat, but here's an American treat we recommend with enthusiasm—Marlboro's popular new partner for non-filter smokers—the Philip Morris Commander.



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